

NORTHERN JUNKET



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NO. 2



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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

If I sound like a frog croakin' for it's own puddle, so be it! I simply must tell you that we had a wonderful Folk Festival here in New Hampshire May 20 & 21. For too long have we hid out light under the proverbial bushel. It's high time the world knew that here we have Federation officers with the guts to emphasize traditional dances and figures. We are not ashamed of our square and contra dance heritage and to date have resisted all efforts to emphasize the honky-tonk razzamatazz square-of-the-month plan so much in vogue elsewhere - though there be some among us who advocate the change. OH YE OF LITTLE FAITH!

Another thing we like about our Festival is the Family Atmosphere it creates. We have many young married leaders who are on the verge of making a name for themselves, and each couple brings their family whose ages may range from 1 month to 10 years. Why we even had part of the stage reserved for the toddlers, complete with play pen. And the kids behaved too - seemed fascinated by the music of the score of fiddlers, banjoists, accordionists, bass players and pianists who were gathered on the remainder of the stage furnishing inspiring music for the exhibition groups and general dancing.....you see, we not only talk about FAMILY RECREATION - WE PRACTICE IT.

Sincerely

Ralph

Country Dance

Forty Years Ago

by NITA REED

A true story

The beautiful early spring day was drawing to a close. It had been a day of great activity in our household. In fact, if telephone calls were any indication, our neighbors had also been busy in pressing, ironing, shining shoes, and in general primping in preparation for the dance to be held on the West Hill that very evening. Mother had baked a cake, as it was customary for the ladies to bring something for refreshments. The Brunells were taking a big wagon filled with hay for the old and young to ride upon. Our whole family was going, no matter what the age. The younger children and babies would be put to bed in the spare rooms of the farmhouse at the end of the journey.



About seven-thirty, the Brunells arrived at our house. Other neighbors were already aboard, and our family climbed up into the wagon, joining those already comfortably seated on the hay. It was three miles to the village from our house, and the climb up Chelsea West Hill toward East Randolph made the trip about seven miles longer. That distance is only a trifle in time for an automobile, but with plodding horses the trip took over an hour. Few farmers of forty-odd years ago had automobiles anyway, so we did not mind.

The ride was not dull, for songs and jokes enliv-

ened the trip. The little children dropped off to sleep, but the rest of us were thinking of the fun we would have on the dance floor. One of the boys asked, under cover of songs and noise, "Please save the waltzes for me, and some of the squares." A girl answered, "I'll try to dance with you, if you are first. Mother says it is polite to dance with the first one who asks"

It was approximately nine o'clock when we arrived at the West Hill farm, where the dance was being held. A new barn was being built, and often any new building was dedicated with a dance, once the foundation and the first floor were laid. A platform had been built at one end of the rough floor and board seats built around the sides. Lanterns hung from posts to light the dance floor. Our lanterns were added to the ones already there to shed more light. Uncle Ed Larkin was calling a Boston Fancy, while my cousin accompanied him on the parlor organ. My mother put two sleeping younger children on beds, and the rest of us went to the dance floor. She alternated with my cousin at the organ throughout the evening. That square ended and a waltz was played. This time our crowd joined the other dancers as they circled around the floor. A full moon began to show a silver face over the wooded hills and shed a radiant light over the scene.

There were several middy-clad girls at the dance, aged from twelve to fifteen. Girls older than that wore shirt waists and skirts. At whatever age, there was fun for all in dancing a waltz. At the end our partners left us at the seats along the sides while they joined the other boys at the end of the platform. The teen-age girls whispered and giggled excitedly while waiting for the next number.

It was Money Musk, and Uncle Ed made his way down the floor as he formed the sets. He held his fiddle under one arm and pointed with the bow, which he held in the other hand, to the places to be filled in the sets. Old and young couples quickly filled the

sets, for the evening was young, and no one was tired. Three sets were quickly put into motion with intricate calls of "forward and back", "sashay three-quarters round," and the rest of the calls. Each couple had a chance to lead the line and then the dance ended. Breathlessly everyone returned to their seats at the call "promenade to your seats" for a minute of rest.

The musicians took the time to talk with guests requesting particular favorite numbers. My cousin changed places with my mother, so she could have a dance with my father. They started a two-step with the strains of "Red Wing" floating out on the night air. Soon the floor was filled with couples energetically dancing.

Following the round dance, a quadrille was called. Girls and fathers joined in the same set, and several changes were called. Some of the young children had formed a set in one corner and were learning the dance with the help of a few older folks.

Everyone stopped for refreshments about eleven o'clock. Coffee had been made on the kitchen stove. Sandwiches, cakes, and pies were plentiful, as friends and neighbors had each brought their own specialty. The food was taken back to the dance platform to be eaten, and everyone sat on the board seats surrounding the floor. A few children tried sliding and running while waiting for the music to start again.

After supper, more contras, quadrilles, and round dances followed in succession. Patenella, Lady-of-the-Lake, Tempest, Portland Fancy, Pop Goes the Weasel, Chorus Jig, Durang's Hornpipe, Hull's Victory, Soldier's Joy, Virginia Reel, were some of the dances with waltzes and two-steps or galops in between. The moon was now high in the sky and beginning to throw flickering shadows on to the dance floor. It was a gay scene, but folks began to tire about two o'clock. The parents began to collect sleepy offsprings and hitch up their teams to leave for home.

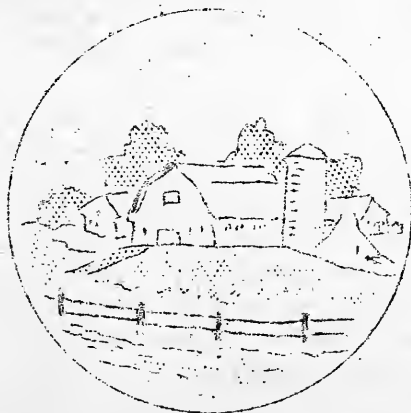
The Brunells hitched up about two-thirty. I was in the middle of a Money Musk when my brother came to say "We're leaving." There was nothing to do except to leave my partner in the set and go. To this day I don't know if somebody took my place.

We did not talk much on the way home. Everyone was tired out with noise and exercise. The smaller children snuggled thankfully on the blanket-covered hay and went to sleep. Any conversation was about the fine evening and wonderful party.

As we started up the last hill, the moon had retreated into the western sky. Dawn with a faint light hovered over the tree-clad hills. Birds began a faint twittering as the weary horses plodded slowly the last mile. As we all climbed out at our house and helped unload the sleeping younger children, we had time to say, "We heard about another dance, so let's plan to go to that."

Our neighbors said good-night, and Mr Brunell clucked to the team. We noticed the pink beginning to show in the eastern sky. There was a short rest now for families before starting once more the labor of the coming day.

(A true story from folklore department of Vermont History, April, 1955)





The Golden Rule

by LOUISE WINSTON

The future looked black indeed to Herbie Gaudreau a few weeks ago when fire completely destroyed his home while he was away calling a square dance. But it didn't seem quite so bleak April 9th when more than five hundred square dance friends jammed the Whitman, Mass. Town Hall to lend a helping hand by donating the entire proceeds of the party to the Gaudreau family.

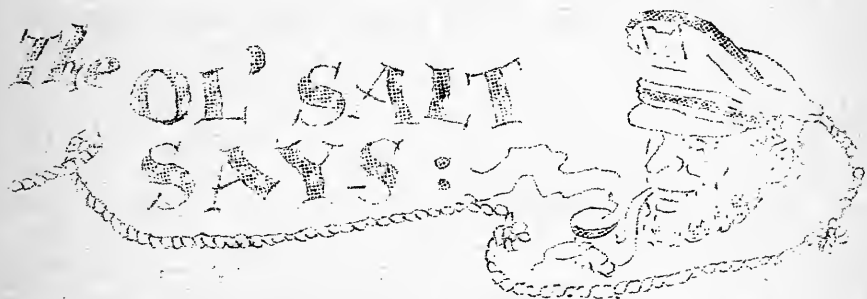
So many South Shore groups wanted to run benefit dances that it was thought necessary to form a steering committee in order to avoid conflicts. It was decided to put all the enthusiasm and efforts of the whole area into one big dance rather than to dissipate it in a series of possibly conflicting events. This committee was composed of the following: Lou & Ginger Brown; Howard & Marion Hogue; Dick & Gladys Keith; Al & Marguerite McMorrow; Warren & Barbara Popp; Leon & Louise Thomas; Charlie & Bertha Baldwin.

So many dancers turned out for the benefit that it was necessary to open the downstairs hall with the callers alternating between the two places. Callers who donated their services were: Charlie Baldwin, Gordon Barnes, Bill Baxter, Howard Bentley, Dudley Briggs, Dick Davis, Bob Johnson, Dick Keith, Win Kilroy, Charlie Lincoln, Cliff Loveliss, Ruth Metcalf, Millie McCann, Roy Perry, Warren Popp, Howard Switzer, Dr O.C. Williams and Louise Winston.

A mammoth greeting card, designed by Howard Met-

calf, was signed by most of those present, expressing best wishes to the Gaudreaus in the reconstruction of their home. This dance in Whitman, an earlier one run by Warren Popp in Easton, and donations to the fund by various groups and individuals raised over one thousand dollars toward the rebuilding and helped express in some measure to Herbie and his family the warm friendliness their square dance friends feel for them.

Music for dancing was given by Earl Davis's "Do-Si-Doers", Dick Keith's West-Bridgewater Ramblers, and Charlie Baldwin's Country Dance Seranaders. Additional musicians Ed Koenig and Art Quinlan of Boston and a couple from Taunton, sat in during the evening of non-stop dancing.



by SHANNON KEYES

address known but not mentioned

WHY PUT THE "T" & "K" IN THEM?

What is more relaxing - what is more pleasant - what is more rhythmic than a good singing call? Nothing. Let's analyse the first singing calls we ever heard; traditional - real traditional, not synthetic traditional - singing calls that have stood the wear and tear of time, yet so simple that even a baby can understand them. Something made them live - what is it?

YOUR FIRST ONE - Pattycake pattycake, baker's man
Pat it and roll it as thin as you can.

The first word is the command word in the simplest of English, the balance in timing syllables.

YOUR SECOND ONE

Rockabye baby in the tree top
When the wind blows the cradle will rock
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall
And down will come baby, cradle and all

The command words again fit the foregoing description, but in this one a little telegraphing is done to prepare the baby's mind for the quick dip down. Sing this two or three times to a year-old baby in your arms, performing the action. You will note that the youngster, about the third time, will reach for the nearest thing it can grab - if you're a gramp, for your cigars or pencil - when you telegraph "cradle will drop."

YOUR THIRD ONE

Ring around the Rosy
Pocket full of Posie
Hopscotch, hopscotch, all fall down.



What a remarkable job of clear commands, simple English, and telegraphing, and you must admit so plain and clear that even a 4 year old can understand it. If you don't believe that, just look out any window any spring day at any group of less-than-school-age kids.

Now let's look over some of the good singing calls as done by our New Hampshire callers and others: BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS as called by Bob Bennett. Bob follows the basic rules above and adds a little audience singing. Contagious enthusiasm is created and a good time enjoyed by everyone.

WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL by Frank Fortune. This fastee with several tricky twists is directed by Frank to a full hall generously sprinkled with greenies in such a basic manner that rarely does a set get

loused up because Frank follows the rules of all good singing calls. Time has taught him how a singing call should be worded to make it click.

GOLDEN SLIPPERS by Gene Gowing. Now don't everybody tell me at once **that** Gene is a prompt caller. When this pattern was wedded to this tune about 20 years ago, Gene developed a routine of words, carefully selected and properly placed, that so well fit the aforementioned pattern and tune the dancers get the illusion they are dancing to a singing call. A masterpiece of workmanship.

SWANEE RIVER by Mac McKendrick. Let's slip down into Pennsylvania for a minute and study this bit of singing calling that became traditional the first time Mac called it. No need going over the words nor the timing for any one who has been to four square dances has done it at least once and has without effort learned the wording. Not one deviation from the basic rules and Stephen Collins Foster should be very happy to have a librettist of Mac's ability.

ROSE OF SAN ANTOINE by Leo Guimond. Combine one of the best voices in New England with a pleasing, rapid dance that borders on a western, worded properly, and what have you got? Why a dance you don't get tired of though you meet it night after night.

DARLING NELLIE GRAY by Ralph Page. I don't know who first adapted this simple danceable pattern to the lament for the old slave mammy Nellie Gray, but those who have never heard Ralph close a dance with this have never really square danced. How easy and plain the calls; how well they fit the music: "First couple to the right and balance with the two." etc. etc. What New England square doesn't know it by heart?

There are other good singing calls such as:

RED RIVER VALLEY	LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN
MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA	COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN
WEARIN' OF THE GREEN	MY LITTLE GIRL

JINGLE BELLS
BECAUSE

OCEAN WAVE

and many more, including some good new ones
such as:

TIL THE END OF THE WORLD
OPEN UP YOUR HEART
HEART OF MY HEART
OLD FALL RIVER LINE
CRAWDAD SONG

BUT DEAR GOD! will you please shut off the unwanted supply of unrhythmic, raucous noises, that have been attached to some of our familiar tunes of late? The scientists are accomplishing miracles today, but so far none of them have been able to change the basic laws of physics nor chemistry. They have merely found new ways of applying the laws. Unfortunately, this new crop of so-called creative callers are not scientists, nor do they understand choreography, rhythm nor at times I doubt English, for they certainly violate all three, and worst of all, the basic laws of our nursery rhymes which were the beginning of our singing calls.

I'm told that this mania for getting there fastest with the craziest is a passing phase, and I hope the tellers are correct for I am sick 'n tired of being told "Don't Bring Lulu" to the "Darktown Strutters Ball" else "Mexican Joe" will make me a "Ghost Rider In the Sky."



THISA & THATA FROM HEREA & THEREA

Hail to the New Hampshire caller who found himself during the past 6-8 months. For years a good caller with far better than average knowledge(basic)he suddenly found he could stick to the tradition he revered so highly, yet inject that little something into his dances which lifted them from the ordinary to the exceptional. Where did he do it? Why in his introduction,

breaks and closings. It seems to me he has hit the top and soon will be recognized nationally.

#####

Bob Osgood was surprised when he returned home from the east to his native California to be asked by Art Meecham, Secretary of the Contramigos, a club in Pasadena dedicated to contra dancing, how he liked eating pie for breakfast without tools - an old New England custom you know - learned while visiting the Pages. There's pipelines, Bob, pipelines!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Not too long ago I danced at a club dance and after much coaxing the caller condescended to use a singing call. He closed this with the remark "There's your singing call but it is the only one you'll get tonight" He seemed to have completely forgotten, if he ever knew, the relationship that exists between the buyer and the seller. The buyer can go elsewhere you know.

oooooooooooooooooooo

Am getting quite a boot out of that feud that is raging in another good square dance publication between two of our New Hampshire laddies. I don't know what they are pot-shotting each other about but it sure makes good reading.

Took a ride up into the ski country for a while, sliding down and getting hauled up early this winter, Found a local square dance on Saturday night and as I was buying my ticket heard a voice I want to but can't forget calling a poor larceny of Gene Gowing's "Marching Through Georgia." Some fellow with initials in his alias same as in Pasty Poetry, should stick to pasty poetry and abandon attempting to call. That's all for now; keep 'em swingin'.

#Xo-#Xo-###XXoo--*##XXoo--*##XXoo--*##XXoo--*##xx

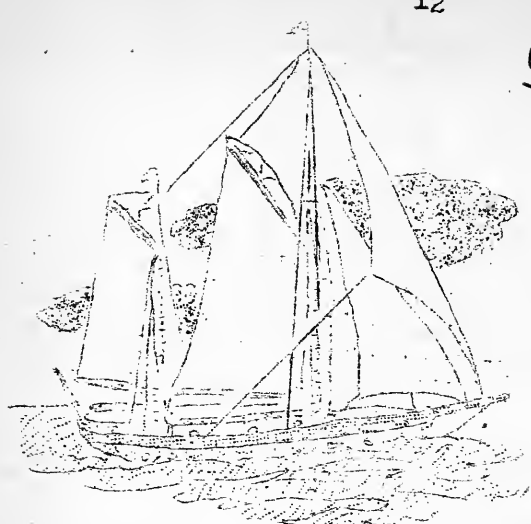
Report

From

The

Cape

by DICK ANDERSON



Having attended the New England Folk Festival and enjoyed the usual varied program and meeting old friends we returned home to find a desk full of correspondence from other parts of the country including reports on other festivals.

A letter from Rickey Holden reveals that the Virginia Folk Festival at Charlottesville, April 2nd went over good although festivals are somewhat new to these people. Rickey has accepted a date with the Recreation Department of the city of Richmond for their annual Recreation & Park Week out-door square dance hoedown at Byrd Park, Thursday, May 26th.

Dropped in at Folk Dance House on my way home from Virginia last month and found Don Armstrong doing a one night stand while in New York on business. Don will head up the Annual Minnesota Folk Dance Federation Convention, June 3, 4 & 5 at Montevideo, Minn. Don is also on the staff of the Maine Folk Dance Camp at Bridgeton, June 11 - 24, as well as the New Hampshire camp the last of August.

Gus Walsh has returned to the Cape after a successful season with Don Armstrong at Danceland in Flo-

rida. Gus will take up the duties as caller for the Chowder Club starting in May.

Under the direction of Mrs. Louis Dean, plans are nearing completion for the second annual Children's Festival at Barnstable High School, May 6th. Demonstration groups from all villages on the Cape are invited to participate and many have already signed up. Adults are invited to attend but will not be permitted to dance. Music will be by Mel Von with Dick Anderson heading up a program of general dancing including guest callers.

The Saturday night dances at Centerville Elementary School have proved very popular and may continue through May & June with the same schedule of callers including Dick Anderson, Jay Schofield and Quincy Newcomb.

Plans for the Seventh Annual Summer Festival are being handled by Mrs. Louis Dean and will include the regular out-door program at Barnstable High School on July 12th.

Jay Schofield reports that twelve sets danced at Eastham Town Hall on the first of a series of Saturday night dances to continue every first Saturday during May & June and every Saturday night during July & August, under the sponsorship of the Eastham Athletic Association.

Thirty persons attended a graduation party at the "Clubhouse" and received certificates for having completed the beginners class sponsored by the Dennis-East Dennis Recreation Commission. Dick Anderson was presented with a gift of twenty-four pottery cups by the class in appreciation of his work as instructor. Dick complimented the group for their loyalty and attendance through many hardships encountered during the term of instruction and parted with the friendly admonition that they continue dancing for a long time and keep it always just for fun.

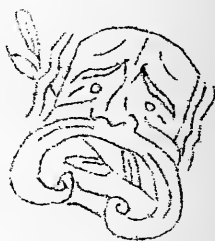
Many square dancers on the Cape regret the pass-

ing of the late William Warren who was a member of the above mentioned class and several other dance groups on the Cape. His enthusiasm and love of square dancing knew no equal and his absence on the floor will not be forgotten for some time.

If a substitute reporter submits next month's Cape news it will be because Dick and the Mrs are planning a vacation trip to the great Northwest and will return the latter part of June to resume the regular summer schedule of dates.



THE DUDDS AND FUDDS



by JOHN J. GARDNER

Once upon a time, there were two married couples who lived in houses side by side. Just for the sake of giving them names, let's call them the Fudds and the Dudds. They were just ordinary folk, yes, the husbands worked at just ordinary run-of-the-mill jobs, and the wives, besides taking care of the housework, cases of the measles, mumps, and frequent runny noses, found time to sit in at meetings of the P.T.A., the Ladies' Guild or other such things that ladies will go to. Neither husband ever thought of assuming chairmanship or any office of responsibility in connection with his limited social or recreational outlets, nor did Mrs. Fudd.

There came a day however, when both couples were invited by a mutual friend to attend an old-time dance revival party. With some skepticism both accepted the invitation, and to their own surprise, were doing, in a matter of minutes only, and with the help of the other friendly dancers on the floor, such square dance

numbers as Dip and Dive, Lady Round the Lady, Cast Off Six, and an occasional couple dance such as Rye Waltz, Finger Tanz, Herr Schmidt, Circular Two-Step and the Schottische. Yes, they had loads of fun on that first party and after thanking the friends who had invited them, they immediately began to make plans for a baby sitter and what not in preparation for the next dance night. Enthusiasm was indelibly written over all four beaming faces. Sure they were tired, but also they were happy.....and they had met so many warm and friendly people too!

Party after party went by; it was always the same good fun and the Fudds and the Dudds were friends with everyone. They had added quite a few dance numbers to their repertoire and now considered themselves pretty fair dancers, and Mrs Dudd became at times a little reluctant to dance with some of the other dancers who were not quite so proficient as she thought herself to be. On some occasions, the caller for the program witnessed open snubbing of other dancers by Mrs Dudd. Following some of this snubbing and cold shouldering, it was also noted that certain regular dancers began to miss attending as frequently as usual and in some cases, stopped coming altogether.

By this time, Mrs Dudd became absolutely intolerant of all on the floor who were not able to dance as well as she could. She had also managed to build up a small clique of dancers over whom she held absolute control and no member of the clique dared to be a good sport without the threat of bringing down the lash of a vicious tongue onto his shoulders. Mr Dudd, an easy-going and all-around good Joe, had to ride along with Mrs Dudd as well as did the Fudds.

Recording companies were issuing new platters featuring newly originated dances called by newly risen dance callers who were in an all out race to outdo each other in the matter of arrangement of more and more complicated dances which opened the way for the proponents of the rat race to drive an entering wedge into the square dance, thus eliminating the feeling of

relaxation which was enjoyed so much by the Fudds and Dudds and their friends in their first square dancing days.

Yes, there was a new dance coming out nearly every day, and Mrs Dudd, being very ambitious and filled with a desire to outdo everyone else on the floor, began to attend programs of a club in which no beginners were permitted, and only the newest dances used. The only teaching being done was that which was necessary in teaching the newest dance numbers, and the caller had his hands full trying to explain them to Mrs Dudd and her friends.

After a few visits to this other club, Mrs Dudd's clique could no longer have anything to do with the other dancers, and among them were many who had helped the clique members to get started. They refused to get out on the floor for mixers, left the floor during mixers and openly refused to allow certain couples to fill in their set when it was short one couple. They also were constant in their demands for dance numbers done in the "experienced dancer only" club, and which they were now familiar with but none of the other dancers on the floor could do without a long walk-through process. Mrs Dudd insisted on these dances from time to time merely as a means of demonstrating her own proficiency over the others, and to satisfy her own ego in so doing, and when the caller in charge of the program refused to cater to the desires of the relatively few dancers who would dance the requested number, Mrs Dudd became highly indignant, and began conspiring with one of the new callers developed by the club in an effort to form a new club and perhaps, if possible, to break up the parent club altogether.



The new caller, desirous of establishing a club for himself without the need of doing any teaching whatsoever, with the assistance of Mrs Dudd and two other callers, selected dancers from the

parent club on the premise that there would be No Beginners To Help Out" and "Only Those Who Knew How To Dance Well" would be welcome to membership.

With the backing of one of the couples involved, the new caller attempted to take over the program at the same location, but was turned down by the management of the property. They attempted a public program at another dance hall, but couldn't make it go in regard to expenses even when they paid only one musician in comparison to five that the parent club was using at each party. Finally, this club settled for a combination tavern and dancehall and continued to solicit from two clubs until their quota of couples was met about a year later.



In the meantime, Mrs Dudd had become mixed up in another little club and in due time took it over completely. The original members of this club were forced out and a little private program that had been arranged for those who wanted to do simple dances to fit the average age of the group, was completely renovated and included only the latest record dances; the pianist of the original club being dispensed with. The original caller for this group also went the way of the piano player, and a substitute caller who was known to offer his services most anywhere at a considerably less fee than the generally recognized standard, was hired for the group which by this time had become ultra-exclusive

Today, this same group, in order to maintain its exclusiveness and to cut expenses to match the means of its leaders, now dances in the backroom of a bar-room. Yes, it's really exclusive...the group's scope of influence can be confined within the narrow spaces of the back bar-room and the walls of that room repre-

sent the fence that has been built around this group's square dancing through the ambitions of just one dancer who wanted to be really high level. Do you think she succeeded? She does! Yet the success of the parent club still is irksome to her; she did not succeed in folding it up, even though there has been considerable damage done to the progress of the square dance throughout the nation by the many Mrs Dudds everywhere. How many more of them are, at this time, also cooped up by four close walls which make their type of dancing so exclusive that just a little back bar-room, or cellar room can hold it?

Yes, they have brought it upon themselves and have no right to gripe about their present predicament.

The above story is tru in fact; only the names are fictitious. JJG

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Oh, East is East, and West is West
And never the twain shall meet
Til earth and sky stand presently
On God's great judgement seat.
But there is neither East nor West,
Nor border breed nor birth
When two strong men face up to the mike,
Though they come from the ends of the earth!
Some stupe loused up the master's prompts
Which were the master's pride,
By hashing them with Western breaks
A-putting them side by side.
But it mixes with our Yankee call
As vinegar does with milk.
A Yankee caller prompteth you;
Sticks strictly to his last,
A-calling quadrilles old and new,
But too goddam fast!
He guides his dancers comfortably
All through an eve of fun,
Then in the cloak room and the John
His dancers say "Well done."

The Western caller patters on,
 You go like hell-a-whoopin',
 When midnight comes, as it always does,
 Your fanny it is droopin'.
 But Western dancing's also fun,
 Though faster, that's for sure;
 And the Western caller's quite a man
 So long as he keeps it pure.
 Now all this leads to that awful stupe
 Who has himself misled;
 Who tries to mix the East and West
 And kills his dancers dead.
 Keep the East as East and the West as West
 To personal choice betwixt 'em,
 For they surely make a stinkin' mess.
 When an amateur tries to mix 'em.
 So listen stupe, get on the ball
 And give your calls a cleaning;
 Do East as East and West as West
 But draw a line between 'em.
 For East is East and West is West.
 And never the twain should meet,
 Lest two strong men take turns at the mike
 With dancers on their feet;
 For there is good in West or East,
 Use each for what it's worth,
 But do not mix them in one dance,
 Let's settle down to earth.

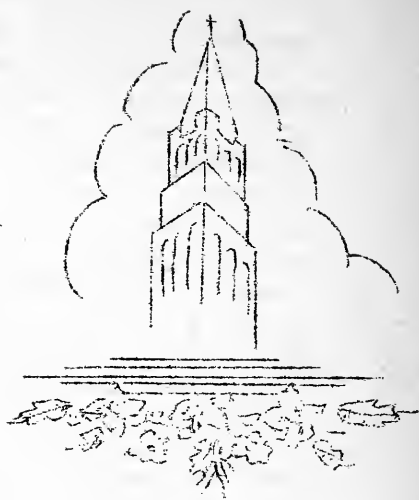
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Ralph Page, 182 Pearl St. Keene, N.H.

RHYTHMIC CHOIR



On Sunday evening, April 17, at the Congregational Church in Lyme, N.H. an appreciative congregation joined with the Rhythmic Choir of the Church of Christ, Hanover, in a beautiful evening service of worship. Graceful in their long white gowns, eight girls of the Rhythmic Choir presented a group of hymns and Negro spirituals, using fitting symbolic dance movement to express the mood and feeling of the music and words.

The first hymn, "Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness," was danced with quiet dignity, followed by a complete change of tempo for the joyous "Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart." For the Negro spiritual, "Jesus Walked This Lonesome Valley," the girls with white collars represented Jesus, and those with pink collars all others who walk the valley. The fourth hymn, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," was movingly presented by three girls personifying the three Marys. The service concluded with an appalachian folk carol, "I Wonder As I Wander." Robed in blue gowns, four members of the Rhythmic Choir feelingly expressed through their art of rhythmic movement the simple movement and tenderness of this song.

The Hanover group was accompanied at the organ by Mrs Donald Grover, and the Lyme Pilgrim Fellowship

sang the hymns. People in attendance from Lyme, Hanover and Thetford were grateful for the opportunity of welcoming the Rhythmic Choir at Lyme, and all who are familiar with the creative work of the dance choir extend congratulations to Director Mrs Willis Rayton and her group.

The girls in the Choir have been learning to interpret religious ideas through symbolic movements. Some of the members have helped create parts in the interpretation of the hymns and have assisted each other by working in small groups. In the fall, six of the girls presented a vesper program at St Marys in Littleton, another in Lisbon, and then assisted in the worship program at the Pilgrim Fellowship rally.

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AMERICAN SQUARES

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NEWS OF MINNESOTA AND
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The Use Of Square

Dancing In



Psychiatric Treatment

by CHARLES K. ESTANO

Our experience with square dancing at Worcester State Hospital had its beginnings in January, 1954 when the Worcester Pioneers put on an Exhibition of squares for our patients at one of the regular monthly dances. There was a tremendous response when Harold Mattson, one of our excellent local callers asked our patients if they would form a few sets for which he would call. About seven sets responded and to me just standing there in the background, it was obvious this was going to be a mass of confusion. I don't think any one in the hall was more surprised than I, when the patients carried out the calls as well as they did. Their response was slow, hesitant, but the experience proved to them that square dancing could be enjoyable and satisfying.

The next morning many patients stopped by my office to tell me of the wonderful time they had had at the dance. Then they asked the question which was sure to come, "Why can't we have more square dancing?" Their inquiry made us realize that the interest which had been aroused could be of therapeutic value.

The first step necessary was for someone on the

hospital staff to know how to square dance and then to learn to call well enough to teach the patients to dance. Miss Elinor Richardson of the O.T.(Occupational Therapy)Department and I expressed interest in organizing and conducting square dance groups at the hospital and began to attend beginner's classes. As the summer months were too warm for square dancing, it gave me an opportunity to practice calling under the supervision of Mr. Harold Mattson.

In the fall I felt a bit more confident and we held our first square dance. Again we were greatly surprised and pleased at the response. The patients learned rapidly, though they were a bit confused at the onset. However, their confusion was not unlike any other beginners class.



Many patients hesitated to participate because they stated they had never square danced before, but when I announced that I had never called before and that we could learn together, it seemed to be a welcomed word to many. A surprising number of chronic patients responded, and it was also noticed that many of the older ones must have square danced many years ago, but had forgotten, perhaps because of their long hospitalization. The younger group of patients caught on very quickly and after a few nights they were good enough to put on an exhibition for the other patients. We have anywhere from six to nine sets on the floor at one time. Each evening the basic steps are taught and then repeated over and over. Gradually new figures are introduced.

To aid us in teaching, we invited student nurses and student occupational therapists affiliating at this hospital. They were asked to encourage the "sit

downers" and to scatter themselves throughout the sets. We feel their assistance and cooperation has been of tremendous value.



I could perhaps cite many cases where square dancing has helped the individual patient. However, I would rather discuss briefly what it has done to aid the group in general. Square dancing creates an atmosphere of socialization in which freedom of body movement is encouraged. The patient must remain alert and give some thought as to what the caller means when he says "promenade, corner swing", etc.

The dances are open to all patients in any ward who want to come. The more disturbed patients at present are not invited because it is felt that they would only disrupt the organization. We have not had any incident that required the removal of any patient from the hall. They behave well in this relaxed atmosphere with a minimum of supervision.

At present the square dances are held every other week in the hospital auditorium from 7 to 8:45 P.M. Though this is a square dance night, we will play one or two waltzes and perhaps a couple of polkas. One of the methods of getting shy patients onto the floor is to play a waltz. While they are up we ask them to form sets, and I announce that I will teach a simple dance. Many patients will remain on the floor to square dance who did not participate earlier in the evening. Another method is the formation of large circles. The maximum of contacts for the patients are provided by mixing sets and changing partners often.

When many patients start dancing there is an obvious lack of coordination. They cannot relate the call to the movements required, but as the evening pro-

gresses, these patients may be seen following the calls and developing coordination.

The doctors feel that square dancing has helped many patients and have often prescribed this as part of their treatment. Square dancing is one of the means used in trying to arouse the patients from the apathy into which they have sunk. While he concentrates on the calls the patient must think of something outside himself and the hospital situation. He will get the feeling of being needed and without his cooperation the set would be unable to dance successfully. The patient may also feel capable of teaching other patients in his set thereby promoting self-esteem.

We find situations in which a withdrawn patient may begin to speak in response to his partner or corner lady. The chances of his laughing are good because of the mixing up and general confusion that is half the fun of square dancing. The informal situation relaxes many tense, or frightened patients as well as stimulating many of those who are depressed and withdrawn.



As a caller, one of the things I realized was that each dance must be slowed down a few beats. It will take longer for mental patients to grasp the call and to follow it through. Even making allowances for this, I noticed that several sets were still dancing at different speeds regardless of the music. I would then pick out a set which I considered about medium speed and would call for them. This meant slowing down a few sets and speeding up a few more, but for the most part this was about the only way to keep the sets in a minimum state of confusion and continue dancing. In other words, the patients must be allowed to regulate the speed of a dance. Though we do not consider it therapeutically significant perhaps in time we may be able to increase the speed of our patients and music.

Understanding the problems of mental patients is essential in conducting and organizing square dancing within a hospital of this type. The awareness of possible unexpected outbursts on the part of the patients must be handled in a manner which is not disturbing to the group. Since the patients react to the attitude of the caller, it is important that he transfer a feeling of relaxation.

Square dancing in a mental hospital should have the encouragement and support of all departments... every member of the treatment team - doctors, nurses, and attendants all play a vital part in encouraging the patients to participate. Though our program is still fairly new, we expect to see it grow as the months go on for we feel it is extremely worthwhile.

A short background on Mr Estano from Miss Elinor Richardson: "Mr. Estano has been in this type of hospital for several years. Since coming to Worcester State Hospital he has had charge of the Industrial Therapy program for all of the male patients within the hospital. His relationships with patients are noted throughout the hospital as one of kindness, and continual consideration of their needs and feeling. On many occasions he has undertaken various types of projects in an attempt to find therapeutic outlets for the patients. The square dance program is an excellent example of this, for although recreation does not come under his duties, he felt that the patients would benefit in many ways by active participation in square dancing."

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STATE O' MAINE

NEWS

by

HAROLD KEARNEY

When Spring comes to Maine, not only do the trees and shrubs come to a new life - also the square dance organizations. This Spring seems to be busier than before and groups all over the state are taking on a new lease of life.

Usually Marie and I have mostly private dances, but this year we have had a great many public dances also. Not only are we having our regular private school and church dances in the Wilton-Farmington-Skowhegan area, but we now have three regular public dances and all are well attended.

This last month we had regular dances at New Sharon and Starks - both Family Nights - and Fairfield. These are all regularly scheduled dances. We also have had dances in Temple for the Grange and this too is going to be a regularly scheduled dance after the middle of May, or as soon as we can arrange dates. At Farmington Community Center for the benefit of the baseball team, and a Benefit Multiple Sclerosis dance at the New Sharon High School. The attendance too has been increasing and we seldom have a dance with less than 75

people. Not bad for country areas.

Well, it's almost time for the Cumberland County Recreation Council's Folk Festival, May 14. We have heard from a great many callers who are going to be present, and take groups to demonstrate. Unfortunately Marie and I can't be with them this year.

Had a note from Howdy Richardson of Augusta, who has just ended his third ten weeks course in square and contra dancing for adults. Howdy is a real fine teacher - uses the Durlacher system and records. He is the State Director of Recreation and Physical Education Department, and is doing a good job of giving this form of recreation to the school systems all over the state.

Roy Hillman in Rumford has had a great deal of sickness this winter so hasn't had any dances since last February. We all look forward to seeing him back with his Institute Group at Rumford before long.

Bob Brundage called for the Dedham Folk Dance Group. This was their first outside caller this winter. They generally dance every other Saturday to their own callers.

Colon MacDonald has been really getting around this Spring: April 2 - Portland; April 10 - Auburn; April 9 - Bucks Mills. Have never heard Colon but I am told that he is a very fine caller.

And I guess that just about does it for now.

#####

Recession - a period when people stop feeding the cows and then wonder why there are no jobs for milkers.

An old timer told us the youngsters of today have it pretty soft - real soft paper for their noses - he had to use his old rough coat sleeve.

CONTRA DANCE

Divorcee's Zig

Suggested music - The Priest in his Boots



Original by "Duke" Miller - first called two years ago but revised to present form. Couples 1-3-5 etc active and cross over before dance starts.

Balance and swing the one below
 Active couples do si do
 Allemande left the one you swung
 And balance four in line - Now DIVORCE
 Ladies this way, men go that
 Turn around and the other way back
 Allemande left the one you swung
 And the same two ladies chain

On "ladies this way, etc" - everybody, even the inactives at end of the lines, promenade, ladies toward the caller and men away from caller. Should go six small steps, turn on 7 & 8. If the promenade is done as above the second allemande left is not awkward.

SQUARE DANCE



"SOMEBODY GOOFED"



An original dance by Ruth Stillion, Coos Bay, Oregon.
Windsor Record # 7140

Note to dancers: The following calls won't mean a thing to you when you get into the dance. A detailed explanation of each figure would only spoil your fun. We suggest that you pay up your insurance, lay back your ears...and hope for the best. You are supposed to end up with your original partner, but it won't be the end of western civilization if you don't.

The head two, a right and left through, sides you do
the same

The head two, a right and left back, sides do it again
All four couples right and left...grand around the ring
You meet your corner maid and promenade, and everybody
sing.

Somebody goofed, somebody goofed

We don't know who it was...but somebody goofed.

Allemande left, the ladies star, the gentlemen promen-
ade

Allemande left, the gentlemen star, the ladies promen-
ade

Allemande left the corner girl, do si do your own
Find your right hand lady, boys, and promenade her
home.

Somebody goofed, etc.

Swing the one across the hall, wink at the corner gal
 Star right back and turn your own, a left hand round
 your pal

Do si do your corners all, balance to your own
 Find the one who winked at you, and promenade the hall

Chorus:.....

The four gents lead to the right, balance to that gal
 Pass the one behind you, a left to the corner...pal
 Star right across the set, a left hand round her there
 Find the one you balanced to, and promenade the square

Chorus:.....

Swing the corner lady, swing her round and round
 Swing the next one down the line, bounce her up & down
 Go back home and swing your own, now listen to the call
 Find the one you haven't swung, and promenade the hall

Chorus:.....

Allemande left the corners, then do an allemande: thar
 Go right and left and then the gentlemen, form a right
 hand star

Shoot the star, go all the way, do si corners all
 Find the one you had in the star, and promenade the
 hall.

Chorus:.....

• Bow low to your partner, swing the corner high
 Allemande left in the usual way, and pass your part-
 ner by


Do si do the next one, she ought to be your own
 Find the one who passed you by, and promenade her
 home.

Chorus:.....

Sing the chorus during the promenade, if you want to.
 otherwise, just listen to the music and fight your own
 confusion.

~~~~~

Making new mistakes is not as bad as making the old  
 ones over.



# QUOTES



## THE TIP IN YOUR SQUARE DANCING

As time rocks on, words do not change, but often their meanings do. This is largely due to a colloquial use. For example, take the little word "tip", common in everyday square dance language. Where did it come from? What does it mean? This little word means something different today than what it did some 60 years ago.

A few dancers are familiar with its origin and why it is used like it is. Yet, and this may be surprising, there are areas in the Southwest that do not use this term. Its meaning dates back to the days when the caller (before the public address system) was the fiddler. With a chew of tobacco in his mouth and his fiddle in the crook of his arm, he would play and call at no fixed fee. He placed his hat in a convenient place to serve as a "kitty." And of course, every-one knew that it was customary to "Tip the fiddler." He naturally played and called a little more as each contribution urged him on. So, these dance periods between his pause or break became known as the "tip danced;" each tip meaning more dancing, thus, came the word "tip" into our square dance movement.

Today the "tip" does not refer to money, but is the time spent in dancing. These tips are usually made of one or two patter calls and one singing call; however, this is left to the judgement of the caller.

## SQUARE DANCING BOOSTS SALES

The Square Dance, not many years ago relegated to back areas and folk dance groups, now probably has more fans than the Mambo. And, by and large, the Caller's "Allemande Left" and Bow to your partner" are executed by dancers wearing the colorful low-priced casual clothing turned out by the work-garment firms..... Today, such factors as suburban living, do-it-yourself, and square dancing are continued good news to work-clothes firms.....overall mills now feature budget sportswear for teens and square dancers.

WALL STREET JOURNAL - 2/18/55

## LIVE MUSIC

It is quite an experience now to dance at different Barn Dances in different parts of England and to hear the astonishing quantity and variety of dance tunes now being used. Occasionally I raise my voice, and question if such and such a tune is British or folk. Even if there are some "outsiders" one must welcome the wealth of dance tunes now reaching the players. Dancers like the old ones but they also enjoy the experience of a new tune set to an old dance. They naturally prefer a band to start with the "proper" tune as they would call it. It is the familiar association of tune and dance movement that puts the dancer's body into the right action without any effort of memory. Once the dance has got going and the rhythmical sequence of steps and figures has established itself, then a change of tune may be as stimulating for the dancers as it is refreshing for the players.

Personally, I think that some bands might be more discriminating in their choice of tunes. Admittedly it is not easy to be certain that a tune is, in fact, "folk." Many of our famous Morris dance tunes started life as popular songs; furthermore, tastes vary and one doesn't want to be too fussy. I would say "When in doubt leave it out." It isn't as if

there were an acute shortage of tunes. On the contrary there is an immense store of real folk material available that has the first claim on our attention. One minor objection that I have to the over-employment of "new" tunes, is that the players themselves are still probably "reading" them and have not reached the stage of feeling them. Unless the tune is already inside them they cannot give enough of their attention to "playing to the dancers" which is their main function. Their "newly-read" music in fact cannot yet be really "alive."

Experienced players do use scores, of course, to remind them, but their attention is not so wrapped up in the score that they fail to give attention to the actions and reactions on the floor.

It is only when a band is set free from a routine whether written, or engraved on the mind from sheer habit, that its members can play with the spontaneity and inspiration that kindles the "live" reaction in the dancers. Anything less alive and creative differs little from the fixed interpretation of the gramophone recording. No matter how good a record may be, it must always sound the same and so suffers by comparison with a "live" sound even if the "live" sound is produced by less skillful players. We usually say that a good record is better than a bad musician, but nevertheless for a Barn Dance or other public occasion we would rather have real live music than the best record.

Douglas Kennedy in ENGLISH DANCE AND SONG  
Vol. XIX No. 5

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

"What did you give for that horse, neighbor?" "My note"  
"Well, that was certainly cheap enough!"

XXXXXXXXXX

There usta be a time when you kissed a girl you could  
taste nuthin' but the girl - and yer whiskers warn't  
all smeared up, neither!

XXXXXXX

Money, however, is the jack of all trades.

# FOOD

For Hungry

Dancers



We don't aim to rush the season none, but it is going to be summer before long and you'll love to try some of these recipes from Carl Knox, Atlanta, Georgia.

## ROASTED CORN

I can recall very distinctly eating corn that my mother roasted in the oven, but never did I eat it roasted in the shuck until just a few years ago. Here is the way we cook it:

Be sure to have plenty of hot coals, preferably in a barbecue furnace over which there is an open grill 3 or 5 inches above the coals. Rush the corn fresh from the garden to the grill, dip each ear in water, then place it on the grill. As soon as the shuck begins to char, turn the ear and let other side char. Remove remaining shucks and brush off silks, and if corn is not toasted, put back on grill until it is slightly browned. A little melted butter, salt and pepper, and it's ready to eat, though many folks prefer to eat it just as is without salt or butter. Avoid putting too many ears on the fire at once as the great amount of steam driven off will smother the coals.



## WILD PLUM JAM

I associate wild plum jam with my early childhood since my Mother used to make it and serve it with hot biscuits. Wild plum usually ripens a few days earlier than blackberries and are a very welcome addition to the pantry.

Gather ripe plums, wash, and put on stove in covered kettle to boil, adding about two cups of water to each gallon of fruit. Cook for about five minutes after fruit begins to boil. Measure, and for each four cups of fruit, add three cups of sugar. Cook to consistency of jam. Leave peels and pits in jam. Hot biscuits are a "must".

## ROLLY-POLLYS

(Rhymes with roll, not doll)

No doubt every person's mother made some special dish or delicacy that he associates with his early childhood. Rolly-Pollys were always a favorite at my house. Here is the way my mother made them:

Roll out "biscuit" dough in oblong shape. Spread with paste made of sugar, butter, and nutmeg, using one cup butter, two cups sugar, and generous amount of ground nutmeg. Spread fairly thick, roll up as jelly roll and cut in rolls about three-quarters inch thick. Put in baking pan and bake in oven about 400°F until slightly brown. The butter and sugar make a butter-scotch filling. Just make sure you have enough on hand to go around a second time! A nice addition to the paste is raisins.

## BROWN SUGAR SAUCE

Having to prepare meals for ten children, my mother, of necessity had to take short cuts. Here is the sauce she made to serve on apple dumplings, blackberry dumplings, and blueberry deep-dish pie:

To one cup sweet or sour cream, add one half cup

brown sugar, and one half teaspoonful nutmeg (more or less as desired). Stir to dissolve sugar. Do not heat.  
 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

# KREM - Swedish

2 cups grape juice  
 2 tbs. cornstarch  
 2 tbs. sugar

Heat grape juice. Combine cornstarch and sugar and moisten with a little cold grape juice. Add hot grape juice. Replace on heat and boil until thickened. It will never be very thick. Serve very cold, with or without cream, and with a small cookie.

# SCOTCH SODA SCONES

|                                 |                         |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted flour             | $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. soda |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking soda | $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening    | 1 cup cold buttermilk   |

Combine ingredients. Roll out, cut in triangles and cook on top of stove in ungreased griddle.

# TOMATO AND CHEESE SPREAD - Irish

2 cups tomatoes  
 1 small onion finely chopped  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese (strong)  
 browned bread crumbs

Peel tomatoes and mash. Add cheese and onion. Add sufficient bread crumbs to make of a consistency to spread. Season with salt and pepper. Use as a spread for thin sandwiches served with tea.

# STEWED FRUIT AND CUSTARD - Irish

Place fresh fruit in a shallow baking pan. Sprinkle with sugar. Cover with  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inch square pieces of pastry. Bake until fruit is tender and pastry cooked. Serve with soft boiled custard.

<<->> <<->> <<->>



# Horse 'n Buggy Days

by HERB WARREN



## THE HORSE

That Wednesday the new year 1955 was five days old; year-end details were under control, good time as any for a friendly visit. I got Selah on the 'phone and told him how glad I was to have heard that his Day of the Year on Monday had been highly successful. He admitted, sort of, that the neighbors had made "quite-r-to-do", then quickly added, "What's keepin'ye? Be'n stayin' away too long."

Auspicious start right there; I took the hint, and in a few minutes I drove into the dooryard of the George farm. Selah lost no time in easing the way into the sitting room. The preliminaries were little more than casual mention of the pleasant event two days before, and the neighbors' show of interest - the neighbors "quite-r-to-do" must have been, honestly reported, all of "Quite-r-consider'bal-to-to", good practice for next year's ninetieth.

However, birthdays soon wore thin, and Selah switched clear and clean: "What about that fella, that prompter, you had in here one day?" "Oh, fella from Keene?" I guessed. "Well, could be, from his talk", guessed Selah. "Why, he's gettin' round quite a lot, riding high and flying it, Dallas, Montreal, and some way stations - talking Tunbridge next fall some, but I dunno." "But does he ever call Durang's Hornpipe?" I had to admit that I hadn't heard the "Keene fella"

prompt "Durang's Hornpipe" since the day right there in the farm kitchen, but I did report that I had heard him call a lot of topnotchers - no kind of stuff for the "cow-gaited" crowd - and that, as a matter of fact he had been digging some regulat beaunts, contras of course, out of old call books, manuals, and the like. "Queen's Favorite" seemed to be a good one to cite - no explanation or walk-through necessary. "Handsome thing", commented Selah, "too bad old Ed Dayton never knowed 'bout it."

Opened up as the subject was, I should have probably followed through to an inquiry about the dance form and dance ways of almost-forgotten Walter Abbott, still hale and hearty at an advanced age two generations ago, as he put into his dancing all the steps and footwork of a previous era, free of the highfalutin' notions of the Gay Nineties - practically only one lady in town, in his latest years, could dance with him, and keep in step.

But I didn't carry through; I switched to another line of mutual interest. The switch went like this: "Horse-trading was a game, more exciting to some than poker, I know, but you must have had to buy outright also, when you were shipping horses down country."



"Why yes, I had to buy, buy 'em right you know, and then sell 'em right in order to pay for their keep and freight, and my time. Every once in a while I'd git an order for a matched pair of workers, or two three good drivers - took some time to pick 'em up, usually."

"Sometimes though, you'd run across just the

right one thout 'knowin' it, til later, like the one I bought on a gamble, fifty years ago or so. I was git-tin' a carload ready to ship to East Cambridge, and a friend of mine up the line sent word to me that a Mis Bliss up off the river, back of Bradford, had a young mare she wanted to sell, wouldn't come cheap, but thought I could make a dollar on her. He gave me directions to git to the Bliss Place.

"I druve up late the next forenoon into the front dooryard. I said to the woman I see there tidying up the front porch that I'd heard that she had a horse for sale, that I might be interested. She said she had, fine young mare, had done some farm work, but wasn't really broken, needed training, but nobody to do it - her husband had died a few months before, and she was trying to carry on the farm with the help of a hired man and her young son.

"'How much yer askin', Mis Bliss?' I sez. 'Hunderd and thirty-five, an' that's pritty near my takin' price.' Well, we called that big money in them days, an' I sez 'Mis Bliss, I guess I'll mog 'long up't C'rinth an' see Clem Bixby 'bout a certain matter, might drop in on the way back.' 'Better think twicet before you move oncet, Mister' sez she, 'it's time fer dinner, an' I'm jest about to set the table; you gwup ter C'rinth, an' you won't git no more'n er glass er water and er toothpick. Better drive yer hoss out back - I s'pose yer brought yer own oats - than come back in and hev some food with yer meal'.

"The price was high, but I could see she wanted to sell. I druve out back, give my horse some oats, then stepped into the stable an' looked over the mare. Good looker, come up to everything I'd found out about her. I was figurin' how much I'd offer for the mare, as I walked 'long back to the front of the house; as soon as Mis Bliss sees me she sez, 'Cum right in, dinner's on the table, draw up a chair.'

"Well, it was an awful good dinner, awful good, couldn't hev asked fer more er better. Course we talk-

ed about the mare - she wanted to. I wanted to hev her, After dinner the two of us went out to the stable an' looked her over; I looked her over pritty careful. I hed be'n thinkin' I orter git her fer a hunderd an' er quatter, but that dinner hed be'n so good, an' Mis Bliss hed be'n so decent, I didn't feel like beatin' her down quite that much. I sez to her 'I like the mare, and if she's all you say she is, I'll give yer a hunderd an' thutty; here's twenty ter bind the bargain til tomorrer evenin'. I'll be back by afternoon with the hunderd an' ten ter pick up the mare'. She took the twenty."



Just then I interrupted long enough to suggest that I knew he wouldn't let himself get hooked on a horse deal of any kind, but nevertheless I thought that he had paid a mighty high price. "High, yearse" said Selah, "but yer know the old sayin' 'Bought right is half sold'; I wuzn't callatin' ter give away the mare, eggzackly." That took care of that nicely, and I waited for Selah to continue the tale.

"Next day I come around an' got the mare, took her home, an' give her another good look8n'-over. I knowed I'd got suthin. Couple er days later I loaded her with the others into a car on the stock train for down country. I rode along in the caboose, over-night trip.

"Next mornin' we arrived in East Cambridge, a cousin of mine wuz on hand to help unload the hosses and take 'em over to his place for keepin' till I c'd sell 'em. We got 'em all settled in their new quarters, an' my cousin come around an' sez, 'Where'd yer git the young mare?' 'Off ner farm up back er Bradford, pretty green, ben worked a little, but hain't ben really broke' I said. 'Better not sell her this trip' he advised me, 'leave her with me til yer come down agin, think I can do suthin with her in the meantime, looks

promisin'. "So I told him he might try an' see what he c'd do. I sold practically all my hosses, an' took the passenger train back to Ely.

"Two-three months later I shipped down another carload, my cousin wuz there to meet me. 'The mare's better'n I expected' he sez, 'picked up fast, got a man callatin' ter but her, practically all sold.' Thinks I to myself, 'Here's a chance ter make a dollar mebbe two', so I sez ter my cousin, 'I've heard er lot more bout that mare-up country, everything in her favor; I've made up my mind to ship her back, an' do right by her up there in the country, want ter handle her myself fer my own use, ain't nuthin' that would please my wife any more.' Well, he looked rather down in the mouth, an' er course, he relayed it all on to his customer, as I expected he would; late that afternoon the customer showed up an' wanted to see me.

"My cousin introduced us, told me he wuz an undertaker, an' wanted to see what I got. Course I was glad to show him, an' I walked right past the mare, thout even lookin' at her, an' on to others, some good uns, playing up points I thought would show up good in the undertakin' business. He wuz perlite 'nough 'bout it all, but I could see he wan't interested no great deal in hearse hosses.

"'Tell yer what' sez'ee, after we'd reached the end ov the line, 'I'm lookin' fer a hoss ter take my wife out drivin' with, I want suthin good ter look at between the shafts; the first one, the one you passed by, looks good to me.' 'Oh well' sez I, 'I'm shippin' her back up home, ben hearin' er lot of good things about her up country, want ter put her back where she b'longs, jest the one I've ben waitin' ter get holt on fer my wife.

"Well, that didn't dampen his buyin' spirit none - didn't intend it should. He come right out with it, 'How much yer want ter leave that mare here with me?' he sez, 'I'll treat her right, yer can ask yer cousin.' I took my time answerin', then I sez, 'Mister, I'd

want more to give up that mare than you orter pay, an' I'd advise yer, in all conscience, not to pay it'. 'Well, what's yer lowest figure?' sez he, impatient like. 'Why e i g h t h u n d e r d dollars' sez I, slow an' moderate. 'A little higher than I wuz expect in' ter pay, but I dunno; can you guarantee her as good, straight, an' all right?' 'Why, er, yes, an' sound's a nut, if you really decide on takin' her' sez I. 'It's er, customary' he went on, 'ter throw suthin into the bargain, fer cash down on the barrel head, I understand'. 'It is, an' it ain't' sez I, 'dependin', but I'll tell yer what'll do, I'll see that that mare gits the handsomest halter I can find in six towns around.' That's all there wuz to it, 'cept gittin' my cousin ter listen in ter the agreement, you know, witness fer both parties."

"Well", I remarked, "eight hundred dollars was a terrible high price for a horse in those times, enough to buy a house in the village wan't it?" "Why, yes 'nough ter buy a farm, small one, out a little, pervided yer knowed how to buy it right."

"But what I'd really like to know, Selah, if I'm not being too personal, is whether that undertaker ever come back and lit into you for the way you jacked up the price on the mare." "Why, yes, an' no; he come back all right, jest to visit, much's anything - never had a better satisfied customer, then er since, never."

#### SQUARE YOUR SETS

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## More News From The Cape

Over 250 children attended the second annual children's Festival at Hyannis, May 6th. Six exhibition sets participated along with honor guests representing thirteen Cape towns, while a capacity audience of parents and adults watched but were not allowed to dance. Dorothy Adams of Yarmouth and Peter Vendt of Hyannis, were crowned Queen and King by Principal Robert A Bragg of the Yarmouth Elementary School. Guest callers included Robert White, Paul Morris, Paul Arey, Jay & Gene Schofield, Jay Schofield, Sr. with Dick Anderson M.C. Music was furnished by Mel Von.

The Annual meeting of the CCSAFDA will take place May 26th at the Barnstable Women's Club just previous to the dance to be called by Dick Doyle. The Nominating Committee will present a slate of officers to be voted on by the members. President Joslin Whitney promises a good time for all.

Dropped in at the Chowder Club the other night to find Gus Walsh right back on the job calling for a nice group of dancers that included many of the old-timers who are back in circulation.

Last month I carelessly mentioned a pending vacation trip without any attempt at details and have been subjected to no small amount of questioning as to my plans. Most amusing is the favorite comment: "Glad to see you back again, you're looking great" or words to that effect. Fact of the matter is the Mrs and I will

leave Montreal, Canada, June 12th via Canadian Pacific Railroad for Banff, Lake Louise, Victoria, Seattle, Yellowstone, Chicago and return to Montreal June 28th. Then to the Cape where I will assume my Summer schedule starting at Popponessett Inn, June 30. This trip is the result of much planning and is only possible because of the off-season on the Cape when everyone is preparing for summer. However, that does not mean there will be no dancing. Stop in any Tuesday night and visit the Chowder Club or with Jay Schofield at Eastham Town Hall, June 4th.

DICK ANDERSON

# 10TH ANNUAL

## COUNTRY FESTIVAL

### DANCE

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1955

8:00 to 12:00 P.M.

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS, AMHERST.

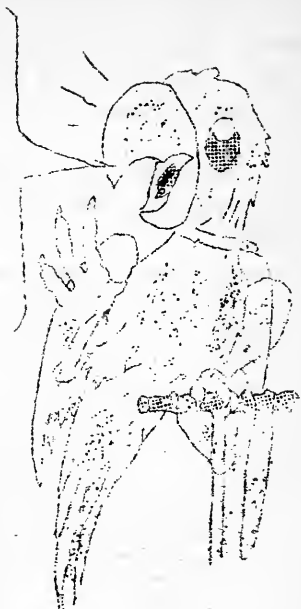
Grand March - Bob Treyz, 1949 Squares, Joe Perkins 149  
 Portland Fancy - Bob Treyz Squares, Dick Anderson 51  
 Demonstration - N.E. Folk Festival Ass'n

Squares - Howard Hogue, 52 Demonstration - NEFFA  
 Squares - Dick Pasvolsky, 53 Contra - Ralph Page, 46

Squares - Al Brundage, 50 Squares - Charlie Baldwin 47  
 Squares - Ed Gilmore, 54 Squares - Bob Brundage  
 Recognition Ceremonies



# THE TOWN CRIER



BORN: March 26 to Mr & Mrs Dick

Wilby, a daughter, Katherine.

BORN: April 6 to Mr & Mrs Joe

Goldenberg a son, Kim.

BORN: April 9 to Mr & Mrs Walter

Leb, a daughter, Antonia.

Square dancers living in the neighborhood of Pittsfield, Mass. will be glad to know that the BCSDA will hold their Fourth Annual Summer Festival, Saturday, June 18, 8:30-11:30 P.M. at Wahconah Park with Bill Chattin as Master of Ceremonies.

Hope you were one of the many who attended the 3 evening folk festival in Washington D.C. May 5, 6, & 7.

Directors of camps should know about the fascinating group of "World Wide Games" obtainable from the Cooperative Recreation Service, Inc. Radnor Road, Delaware Ohio. Write for booklet.

It isn't too early to begin thinking about going to Chicago for the 6th International Square Dance Festival, Saturday, November 5th in International Amphitheater 8 A.M. to Midnight.

Ted Sannella Boston area dance leader is now stationed at Fort Devens, Mass. and plans to lead his folk dance

group every Friday night. He also will call the square and contra dances at the Boston YWCA the last three Tuesday nights in June.

Abe Kanegson, well-known New York caller will take over the YWCA Tuesday night dances through July & August.

#### DUKE MILLER'S SUMMER SCHEDULE

Public square dances every Friday night at Peterboro, N.H. Golf Club beginning first Friday in July. Public square dances every Saturday night in several of the Monadnock Region town halls: June 25, Fitzwilliam; July 2, Hancock; July 9, Jaffrey; July 16, Fitzwilliam; July 23, Frankestown; July 30, Marlboro; August 6, Jaffrey; August 13, Marlboro; August 20, Hancock; August 27, Frankestown; September 3, Fitzwilliam; Labor Day, Frankestown. Duke will be calling to the music of Ralph Page's Band at all of the above dates.

Ralph Page will be teaching at the following camps and schools this summer: June 11-25, Maine Folk Dance Camp; June 30-July 9, Lake Couchiching, Ontario; July 13 or 14, Tufts College, Mass.; July 18-24, Emory College, Georgia.; July 25-August 6, Stockton, California; August 15-27, N.H. Folk Dance Camp; September 2-6, Florida Dance Fellowship.

#### NORTHERN JUNKET

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Editor-----Ralph Page  
Folk Dance Editor  
Ted Sannella

Correspondents:

Dick Anderson - Dick Castner - Dora DeMichele - Harold Kearney - Pop Smith - Herb Warren.

May 1955

# MERRIEWOODE

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